

The Evergreen.

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The Evergreen.

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Contributions are solicited from the students, alumni, and all members of the faculty. Literary matter should be addressed to the editor. Subscriptions, and all business communications, should be addressed to the business manager. Advertisers desiring to change their ads, must have copy at the office of the Pullman Herald by Monday morning.

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REMEMBER the art exhibit at the studio in Science Hall next Friday afternoon from three to five. All students and friends of the college are cordially invited to attend and inspect the work done by this department during the first semester. The department has certainly been a valuable addition to the college, and reflects great credit on Miss Smith. On this occasion all the paintings and drawings will be displayed to a good advantage and anyone will find it a pleasant and profitable way of spending an hour or so. This is the only feature of the school which has for its avowed purpose the cultivation of aesthetic tastes and a love for the beautiful. An education in which these two features are neglected are a very onesided accomplishment at best, and it is our duty to take every advantage of the opportunities offered.

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THIS is an advertising age. The spirit that prompts men to proclaim the praises of this or that article from the very house-tops is rife everywhere. One cannot walk along the most out-of-the-way country road without the eye being attracted by flaming signs, hung on rocks and fences, which bear witness to the unfailing enterprise of someone. In college life, the atmosphere is surcharged with the same spirit. This or that student enterprise is pushed by its advocates because "it will be such a good advertisement for the institution." Athletic and forensic movements are arranged with a special view to bringing the efficiency of the college before public notice. To a certain extent this is true, and wise. The fact that a

college can send out a foot-ball or base-ball or debating team made up of men who are capable of winning, and endowed with the stamina on which is based availing determination to win, is always a strong point in its favor. But there is another side to this matter of college advertising. The best advertisement for any article on the market is its real value. If it does not possess the merits claimed for it, sooner or later it loses public confidence and is doomed to utter failure. This principle applies to the advertisement of a college. The best advertisement in the long run our college can have is the ability which its graduates have to cope with the hard, real questions of every day life. Any cheap piece of white pine board can carry paint of every color, but it takes oak and mahogany to take on a lasting, really beautiful finish or withstand a severe strain. The coming examinations will gauge to a very great extent our real ability to advertise our college. Days and evenings spent in hard, earnest application to the routine of daily lesson-getting will reveal themselves in high grades at the end of the semester. A few semesters make up the fullest college course, and, with sheepskin in hand, the living product of the workings of the system is sent forth to advertise his alma mater in that world whose unfailing test is "By their fruits ye shall know them." A good many of us often deplore the fact that we are not star centers nor quarterbacks, nor brilliant curve-pitchers nor batters, nor gifted with voices that make a Glee Club a success, and therefore cannot be an attractive feature of the institution. There is not a student, in any stage of our metamorphosis from Junior Prephood to Seniority, who cannot be a valuable advertisement for the college, an "attractive feature" in the truest sense of the word, simply by doing well, day after day, the work of the recitation room and laboratory. The best advertisements we have are the men and women who, having graduated creditably are not only occupying, but also filling responsible positions in life. The plaudit of the cackling crowd sounds well enough for the moment, but the world's real reward for successful work is given to the man who can do well something for the advancement of human thought, and the betterment of human environ-

ment.

"Build today, then, strong and sure;
With a firm and ample base.
And ascending and secure,
Shall tomorrow find its place."

SKETCHETTES.

THE UNEXPECTED.

I looked up at the clock. It was ten-fifty, and I was just copying the last words of my long theme. I had been busy on it since seven-thirty, and was indeed tired. At last it was folded and with a sigh, I lay down upon my bed, thinking I would be still a few moments before disrobing for the night. Presently the 'wink' came, and almost before I knew it, the light went out.

It was intensely dark. No light could be seen anywhere. I started up, but stopped short. What was that noise on the enclosed porch upon which my window opens? I lay still and listened. Presently my window which had been slightly open, was raised very slowly. What or who could it be? Raising myself on one arm, and looking in that direction, I could see nothing in the utter blackness of the room. I dropped down again. Perhaps it had been a dream of that long theme, I thought, it had been such a ghastly attempt. But I could still plainly hear the noise. It was

coming nearer and nearer. It was in the room. The cold perspiration broke out upon my forehead. I was truly frightened. Just as it reached me, stretching out what seemed an unearthly, unseen hand to where I lay crouching among the covers, the door opened and the laughing voice of my chum exclaimed, "Come, kid, wake up! The rising bell rang fifteen minutes ago."

THE THEME THAT I DID NOT WRITE.

I am sitting alone by my little study table in my room at the dormitory while the hail is beating dimly outside, against the window-pane. The air is chilling all about me and no hot steam seems to have ever entered this part of the building. I feel as though to study were an impossibility, for I have vainly rummaged through and through my brain for some faint suggestion for a theme. But that part of my organism seems to be sadly wanting. First one thought and then another will suggest itself, but like a flickering shadow, they come suddenly into view and as suddenly die quickly away, leaving me still more destitute of thought than ever. The time is growing later and later, the lights will soon be out but still I am gazing vacantly into space, wondering when—Out go the lights and I will have to go to class unprepared tomorrow!

ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS!

But we are offering you the

Genuine Bullion in our Great Reduction Sale.

The list is too long to give in full, but the following is a sample:

50 PER CENT OFF ON MACKINTOSHES.

50 PER CENT OFF ON LADIES' CAPES and JACKETS.

33 1-2 PER CENT OFF ON MEN'S and BOYS' OVERCOATS.

THE FAMOUS C. P. FORD \$3.00, \$3.50, and \$4.00 SHOES ALL GO AT \$2.75.

Soliciting an early call, and assuring you that every reduction is a genuine reduction from our former low price, marked in plain figures.

* * *

Your Financial Friends,

BURGAN-STOUGH COMPANY.